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107 Too Many!

If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's insistence that it is possible both to see and communicate with spirits is true, it would be interesting to interview the shade of Major L'Enfant, the colonial days engineer who laid out Washington, as to his opinion on several things appearing to the Capital—especially the traffic situation.

No one will deny that the long dead major did a splendid job—within the limitations of his time, indeed, a well nigh perfect one! But there were many things he could not possibly visualize. Present-day traffic conditions was one of them. He couldn't guard against what he couldn't foresee.

The trouble is that no one is able to cope with it yet. As a result Washington is paying an annual toll of lives and cruelly maimed bodies for which there may be no criminal blame, but which, nevertheless, are all totally inexcusable.

When the streets of Washington were mapped out here were no dreams of street cars, or steam railroads, and the suggestion of such a thing as an automobile would have branded the man making it as daft. So traffic rules were laid down accordingly. These have been mended and amended from time to time to meet changing conditions—but they are still woefully inadequate. Their chief failure has been to do with motor traffic.

The first great killer of men in the traffic tangle was the railroad crossing. The famed "Stop! Look! and Listen!" signs, and the old drop-gates both proved totally inadequate to prevent a huge annual death list, and so far as the city proper was concerned the railroad crossing was legislated out of existence not only in Washington, but generally throughout the country. Laws were passed requiring either a traffic bridge over the tracks or a subway passage under them.

Street cars with their not-too-frequent schedules and their corner stops were a simple problem—but when it came to the automobile, the traffic experts came a cropper. A few one-way streets have helped some. Traffic policemen at the more dangerous crossings have helped more. But the answer has not been reached yet.

According to the recent report of Superintendent of Police Sullivan, 15,286 permits to drive automobiles were granted in the District during the fiscal year just ended. This is a big increase over the year preceding—and the number undoubtedly will continue to grow steadily. Every additional automobile in Washington increases the potential danger of the pedestrian. Meanwhile an adequately protective traffic law remains a greatly desired, but extremely hazy dream.

It may be that we need more one-way streets. Perhaps there are not enough traffic policemen. Perhaps we need pedestrian subways or artistic overhead bridges at the so-called "death traps." Or perhaps none of these will do. But certain it is that there must be a remedy of some sort.

Major Sullivan's report tells that during the year there were "only fifty deaths from traffic accidents and only fifty-seven cases of serious injury." Considering the number of vehicles in operation, and the population of Washington, the number, truly enough, is remarkably small. But that fact is very small consolation to the families of the victims.

A "small percentage" won't do. There shouldn't be any at all!

Sport—Within Reason!

ALL the rummaging in attic trunks being done these days isn't for last year's overcoats and flannels. A lot of the rummagers are seeking worn, soiled, more or less shapeless, but much loved suits of khaki, nondescript sweaters and hip boots. And when these have been found the rummager goes happily to his own private "den" and spends the rest of the evening oiling, polishing up and fondling a double-barreled shotgun.

Which is just another way of saying that the hunting season has started. In many places field-followers are already blazing away. Within the month the season will be "open" all over the nation. The opening date of the season means a lot, of course, to every sportsman. But it means a whole lot more to his future great-grandchildren. And that is because of recent laws. If it weren't for these laws it is probable those coming great-grandchildren wouldn't have any hunting season at all!

It is only of comparatively recent years that the various States have seen fit to put any curb on hunters. In times gone the size of a man's bag was limited only by the "richness" of the fields he traversed—and the straightness of his aim. Some there were, of course, who made it a point of honor to "kill no more than they could eat." But there were others who were as ruthless as a Turk in a massacre. They killed for the sheer joy of the killing, and stopped only when it was too dark to see.

The result was that the various States gradually came to a realization that unless something was done game would go the way of the buffalo. And so, this year, throughout the entire nation we will have "sport within reason." The bagging of every sort of game has been limited, by law, according to its plenteity.

Practical results of this limiting already await

Washington sportsmen along Chesapeake Bay. Wild duck, for instance, which not so very long ago threatened to become extinct, are reported this year to be plentiful. And the same applies to quail and numerous other game birds.

Many of the States have gone even further than merely limiting game bags. Pennsylvania and Ohio, for instance, have appropriated thousands of acres of land as game preserves for the raising of pheasants and partridges. Georgia and Florida maintain islands off the coast and in the gulf solely for game-bird breeding. And there are others. In all these preserves hunting is forbidden altogether. They are literally "game sanctuaries."

Of course, the selfish hunter may grumble at all this—because it doesn't help him personally. But, as pointed out, it will help his great-grandson. And it ought not to be necessary to have game wardens to enforce these protective laws. The hunter who isn't glad to observe them for what they mean isn't a true sportsman.

"The Dead Cut."

IT'S a far cry from the days of that well-advertised biblical vamp, Miss Delilah, and the present hectic days of feminism versus the "clinging vine." During the last couple of years Miss Delilah, as the original exponent of bobbed hair, has had a host of followers. But now the feminine mind has somersaulted and Miss Delilah's fad is about as popular as a soldier's bonus at the White House.

Miss Delilah, you'll remember, bobbed the locks of one Mr. Samson, thereby making him, figuratively, as "weak as a woman." Her present-day sisters bobbed their own tresses to make them, symbolically, as "strong as a man."

True enough, there were some who cut off their hair because they honestly considered the style becoming. But the fad originated—in this country, at least—in the twisted streets of Greenwich Village, New York's bohemian section. And it was inaugurated by begoggled, smock-clad "emancipated" girl—women as an outward symbol of their exact equality with mere man in every way.

And, once started, the fad became "smart"—with the perfectly unnatural result that a majority of the young women of the country, regardless of their personal feelings, visited the barber's. No doubt many a tear was shed as the scissors snipped. No doubt many a length of silken hair was carried home, tenderly wrapped in tissue paper and tenderly tucked away in some sacred drawer. But no matter—fashion decreed bobbing, so "bobs" it must be!

But of late the "emancipated woman" movement has become less popular. The biggest percentage of members of the once militant National Woman's Party recently gave their profession as "housewife." Feminism seems to be giving way to femininity. And so, Fashion decrees long skirts—and long hair!

And there's the rub! Outside of the actual confines of the aforementioned Greenwich Village not even the most emancipated of the emancipated women are emancipated enough to be free from the laws of Dame Fashion. When that lady speaks she must be obeyed. That's that!

But how? It's easy enough, of course, to lengthen the skirts. That's a mere matter of a few hours. But lengthening hair is something else. That's a matter of years. Even then, sometimes, it's doubtful.

Hence there is weeping and waiting and gnashing of teeth—among the flappers. But the old-fashioned girl, who "didn't cut hers," smiles happily. And, just to prove all over again that "it's an ill wind," etc., the people who make switches are probably laughing out loud.

Mebbe it will serve to teach a lesson. Mebbe it will make the ladies think twice before taking up the next fad.

Prosperity.

THE industrial depression has touched bottom and from now on conditions will improve steadily. This was the message of economists early in the year, and events have proved the soundness of the forecast.

Deflation of industrial and commodity values, and, to a lesser degree, of site values, was inevitable following war-time inflation. The knowledge that this deflation must come caused buyers in all lines to be conservative, and the "buyers' strike" ensued. At the same time the Federal Reserve Board and individual bankers "put on brakes," hastening the process of liquidation and deflation.

Gradually prices reached bottom, in many instances going below the point warranted by production costs plus the high levels of taxation. As people realized this fact, buying was renewed, hordes laid up in the palmy days of money-making during the war came out of hiding, and the tide of returning prosperity began to rise.

The nation-wide housing shortage and high rents combined to stimulate building as soon as buyers realized that no further drop in prices could be expected. New York City, with its ten years' tax-exemption for new dwellings, and Pittsburgh, with a general 30 per cent exemption on old and new buildings, were the first to feel the revival in construction. Other cities all over the country soon followed suit despite their higher taxes.

Philadelphia, for instance, reports building permits of \$100,000,000 for the current year. Here in the Capital permits aggregate many millions. Incidentally, it may be noted, building in Pittsburgh, per capita of increased population, exceeded that of her competitive cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and others, by from 25 to 238 per cent between 1913 and 1920, due, it is said, to her "graded tax law."

The nation's tremendous building payroll, added to bumper crops, apparently insures a period of prosperity in all lines. The tax burden, though enormous, is not so great that it cannot be successfully met by a nation with such productive capacity as the United States.

The Herald in New York

- These Hotels and Newsstands in New York City Have The Herald on Sale:
- | HOTELS | |
|----------------|----------------|
| Astor | Imperial |
| Belmont | Martinez |
| Biltmore | McAlpin |
| Breslin | Murray Hill |
| Commodore | Pennsylvania |
| | Waldorf |
| NEWSSTANDS | |
| 220 Broadway | Schultz 42d |
| Woolworth | Station |
| Building | Hotelling's |
| 200 Fifth Ave. | Times Square |
| | St. & 6th Ave. |

Touring Europe, Day by Day

By O. O. McIntyre

At dinner tonight at a beautiful spot in a terraced garden near Longchamps the waiter presented my check on a slip other than the regular cafe check. I checked it up and it was about 300 francs too much. So he added it again and this time correctly.

"Do you know what we do in America when a waiter does what you have done?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "Well," I told him, "we merely say 'good-bye'—and I passed along without crossing his palm. But that doesn't suit the French waiter. When I got my wraps and went out to a waiting-vehicle he was there with his palm extended. This time I told him that instead of a tip I was going to send him a book that reminded me so much of him in his central figure. I propose to mail him 'The Life and Adventures of Jesse James.'"

Today I think I discovered the reason why there are so few street beggars on Paris streets. An old, legless man, shuffling along on stumps, came out of a subway exit. He held out his cap for a few moments and a gendarme saw him. He was motioned away and braved the street traffic for the other side of the street. Here another gendarme waved him away. I watched him for two blocks and in that distance he was halted and rebuked by five gendarmes. He finally disappeared again in the subway, completely beaten.

The barber in Paris does not wear a white coat. He wears a black uniform. Perhaps the sombre garb is significant, for one departs smelling like a well-kept grave.

Paris is full of surprises. I was trying to find a time when I could stop to inquire the direction of a French street sweeper. He called a gendarme and as usual a crowd collected. Hairs popped out of windows and soon three or four gendarmes came on bicycles. I left before they put in a call for the army. Later I saw I had been standing in front of a cane shop all the time.

The three best high-priced cafes in Paris, to my notion, are, in the order named, Ciro's, the Cafe de Paris, and Chateaux de Madrid. The most interesting dinner, however, is served at a little place on the left bank of the Seine, along the Rue des Medicis. It is a goose dinner. The goose is choked to death to retain all the blood, plucked and then cooked before the patron on a revolving spit. There is a sauce for the goose that is named after the wife of an American doctor who did heroic work for the wounded soldiers during the war.

In a kodak shop in the Place Vendôme all the salesgirls are American. They came over to do war work and have cast their lot with the Parisians. None has been home in five years, and all are to marry Frenchmen. "Paris is the blood," one told me. "After a few years one cannot be happy elsewhere."

"A Piece of Literature."

A forthcoming campaign document put out by the Senate is going to contain pictures and a lot of good reading matter, according to some of the "What Did You See Reporters" working at present on the Congressional Record. It is printed on the finest kind of paper with beautiful pictures. Better order your copy now for the advance.

As outlined by Senator Pat Harrison are enough to make the president agent of the Polaris Jaolus. I quote:

"Just think of putting a big picture of 'mustard fruit' in a publication of this sort? Then 'mustard fruit' is supposed to be thought the people ought to see a good picture of a flatiron, because they are going to use the 'flatiron' on a good many of our Republicans this November. We go further, and a campaign document, as a Senate document in the most extravagant way, without limitation on expenditure of the public moneys, they print a picture of a 'silk nightgown,' and they put that next to a 'silk chemise.' Certainly the Senator from Utah did not get up this particular part of the Senate document."

Now, another thing: They have a picture of a "marble statue" here with a "bronze chair," a greatly exaggerated but beautiful picture. Upon page 10 of the document they take a "musical alarm clock," and then a "cuckoo clock" that was used as an exhibit here by the distinguished Senator from Indiana (Mr. Vanderburgh).

"Said the Senator: 'Your minds have been so much on wool in the effort to take care of a few shepherds of the West and the wool-mongers of the East that you knew it would be very inappropriate to have such an expensive document printed without placing shears in it. And I might say some of you were so caught up in the wool that you didn't see the shears.'"

"Hot-water bottle." Your minds have been so much on wool in the effort to take care of a few shepherds of the West and the wool-mongers of the East that you knew it would be very inappropriate to have such an expensive document printed without placing shears in it. And I might say some of you were so caught up in the wool that you didn't see the shears."

"Hair clippers." "Magnifying glasses," "dick muzzles," "Apolonian water," "Gentlemen's belts."

President on page 96, under the head of Exhibit 95, there is "Key of Heaven," and right under it is printed "Scrub cloth." Explain to the American people why you try to put them by placing upon the same page of this remarkable document a photograph of a Bible called "Key to Heaven" and in the same photograph on the same page put "Scrub cloth," made out of cotton.

"Roulette wheel." Well, you Republicans have been gambling in the committee room with the rights of the American people, bartering and trading with rates in this bill, so it is natural that you should think the people want to see a picture of a "roulette wheel." Senators on the other side will need hot-water bottles.

So it is, Mr. President. I shall not read them all, but that is the way the American people's money is being frittered away.

With the adjournment of Congress a lot of people will have to depend for their fun on vaudeville and the circus. The extra session is called for there will be little or no life in the Congressional

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE
ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS.

This department is conducted by The Herald to answer questions of its readers. All questions will be answered in these columns. Address letters to The Friend of the People.

DISTRIBUTION OF JEWS.

To the Friend of the People:
Will you kindly show in your column the Jewish population of the larger countries of the world?
J. W.

According to latest statistics obtainable there are 2,250,000 Hebrews in Austria and Hungary, 1,000,000 in France, 600,000 in Germany, 107,000 in Holland, 240,000 in Rumania, 100,000 in Palestine, 175,000 in Armenia, 110,000 in Argentina, 3,300,000 in Russia-in-Europe and approximately the same number in the United States.

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.

To the Friend of the People:
How many strikes and lock-outs were there in the United States during the years 1916 and 1917?
W. W.

There were 3,681 during 1916 and 4,324 in 1917.

NO NAVY HOLIDAY.

To the Friend of the People:
On several occasions articles have appeared in local newspapers relative to making October 20 a holiday, designated as "Navy Day." Has this been definitely made a legal holiday for the entire country and is it to be continued after May 30 from year to year or only one year? If such a holiday has been put on the calendar when does it go into effect?
C. S. H.

No, October 30 has not been declared a legal holiday, designated as "Navy Day."

REGISTERING AUTO LICENSE.

To the Friend of the People:
How long may a tourist remain in the District before he must register his automobile license? How long is his license good after registering?
TOURIST.

An automobilist intending to stay in Washington for some length of time must register his license at the License Bureau immediately. His license is good for a certain length of time, according to the reciprocity between the District and the State whose license his car has. If a District license is good in his State for six months his license is good in the District for six months and so on.

ARMISTICE DAY HOLIDAY.

To the Friend of the People:
The World Almanac says Armistice Day, November 11, is legal holiday. Is that correct?
F. W. Y.

Yes.

The Spotlight In Washington
By the Stroller

LOYD GEORGE, the little Welshman and only premier of war days still on top over there, wrote the following to Secretary Davis, a Welsh comrade over here:

"Cofio gennu ato h chwli a im holl-eydwladwyr yn-yr Americs."

That is the Welsh for what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina. The Welsh coal miner says to the Welsh rolling mill man: "Best remembrance to you and to all compatriots in America."

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Tipped 25 Cents.

Their double room and the huge glittering bath with sunken Roman tub, costs them 1,500 marks, or \$125 a day. Rows of buttons be-

Record during the trying-to-get-elected period that now is upon us.

Saint Louis Blooze.

Out in Saint Louis the team has blown;

Full days are dark and drear;

And now we hear that sad refrain, "Just wait until next year."

"To Darius," March 3, 324 degree roofer, says with a slight change this refrain can be sung to the tune "Washington, My Washington."

The Herald's Open Court

An Unfortunate Error and Its Consequences.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald:

In your issue of September 21, the Rev. James C. Cavanaugh congratulates your paper on its stand with respect to the soldiers' bonus. I have read the Herald daily since its first publication, and think that fact together with the additional fact that I am an ex-service man, gives me the right to take issue with the Rev. Mr. Cavanaugh as to whether or not the stand taken by your paper is the best for the service.

When the President went before Congress and asked it to declare a state of war existed between our country and Germany, I was among the first to rise and declare that the infantry branch of the service, left my wife and family, gave up my prospects of getting ahead in life, which at that time were very rosy, and accepted of the munitions bonus of \$10 per month, of which sum in common with other enlisted men—after deductions were made for insurance, allotments and liberty bonds to which we were forced to subscribe—I actually received about \$4 per month. Out of this I was required to purchase my shaving and toilet articles and pay for my laundry or wash my clothes myself. However, after about six months, I was commissioned and was discharged with a rank that would not have enabled me to share in the benefits of the bonus act if it had become a law.

But as to the other enlisted men—when they were discharged they received a gratuity of \$480, which at that time would have enabled them to buy a suit of clothes. He was turned out of the service without anything to tide him over and support himself and family, if he had been discharged he could get employment. Quite a few of them, like myself, had families, which in view of the high cost of living prevailing during the war, consumed their life savings in living expenses. The highest type of American citizenship. When legislation is enacted in Congress to give these men a small sum of money, to even up in a small way the uneven financial burden incurred by them as the result of their patriotic service, it is vetoed by the President of the United States who, in a measure, was supplied with an excuse for making his decision by just such papers as yours. This veto occurred in the case of the bill for the demand of the majority of both Houses of Congress.

The Rev. Mr. Cavanaugh, or your paper, makes no mention of the tremendous sums paid by the government to the soldiers' bonus. The President, to the satisfaction of the war contractors and profiteers, but then, one must consider that these are the interests which contribute to campaign funds and purchase advertising space in newspapers. It is a fact that only the soldier was asked to pay the cost of patriotism, with his life and sacrifice, while no one ever expected the railroad and sugar trusts to show any patriotism, which would mean a profit. I am curious to know if the Rev. Mr. Cavanaugh's record is, if he does not possess a war record, I should be very glad to know if he advances his divine calling as an excuse for not having done any better.

I do not expect you will have the gumption to publish this, but if you should, I invite criticism and defense through this column by your other readers.

JOHN G. GARFENTER

Due to a mechanical error, an introductory line to the Rev. Mr. Cavanaugh's comment, explaining it as an open letter to the President Warren G. Harding, was omitted. It is hoped this will explain The Herald's "veto" of the bill. Some day we may hold that power, but not yet, Buddie.—The Editor.

Guess the Democrats Might as Well Quit After This.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald:

It is with great interest that one views for the supposed Democratic comeback. The latest is by "J. S." who is going to be Bryan as President, to be elected in 1924, with La Follette and his cohorts helping to pile up the majority. "J. S." can even smell victory in the air. November. Why, my dear "J. S.," did you not think of the Democratic failure that have been accumulating since 1860? I mean the general weakening, declining, degenerating, disintegrating, demoralizing, deplauding, terminating of every Democratic administration, beginning with Buchanan's.

The present economical administration, with a practical economist at the head of the Treasury Department, and another as director of the budget, have in eighteen months reduced our national debt by more than two billion dollars. I am glad to know it is amazingly easy to pay big wages to our friends and run up big deficits when we never expect to have to pay for it. That is the Democratic idea of efficiency. History repeats itself. If the Democratic party ever gets back into power the government might as well immediately let contracts for soup houses in every city in the land.

L. W. RANDOLPH
Mount Rainier, Md.

Justinian Decides Open Shop Is Essential to Prosperity

To the Editor, The Washington Herald:

"Justice to him to whom justice is due."

The recent message of the President to the Congress regarding the present state of affairs and their remedy must meet with the approval of every loyal American regardless of his party ties. I was glad to see the firmness and courage of the President when he said to Congress: "He is resolved to use all the power of the government to maintain transportation and sustain the right of men to work." That has been the message of the railroad executives or labor organizations.

In Justinian's opinion, we will never have industrial peace in this country until we have the "open shop," and to obtain such a commission as the President suggests that will make a thorough investigation of coal production, sale and distribution.

The people throughout the country have about reached the conclusion with the President that the moment has arrived when the rights of the people must be considered and not allow minority interests to control the industry of the country.

JUSTINIAN.